

Billy Hargrove Imagines - Part 1 by imaginingmarvelandeverything

Series: [Billy Hargrove Imagines \[1\]](#)

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

A collection of Billy Hargrove x Reader imagines, originally posted on my tumblr, written pre-2018.

1. English Assignment

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N sees what Billy's dad is capable of when she is paired with him for an English assignment. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Abuse, swearing, Billy's asshole dad

English Literature was possibly Y/N's favourite subject. She loved to read and write and was enthralled by the words which flowed on the page. Currently they were studying Robert Louis Stevenson's: The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. While it wasn't one of her favourite books, Y/N loved the writing style and the narrative. Most of the class would disagree with her and would often call it boring or stupid. The only part of English that Y/N hated were the paired assignments. Teachers had a habit of pairing high achieving students with the kids who needed their grade to be pulled up somehow. While most of these kids were actually far from being dumb, they just lacked the motivation.

"Y/N L/N, you will be paired with Billy Hargrove." The teacher read out and Y/N sighed.

She had never actually spoken to the newish boy but had heard all the gossip about him around school. A few girls at the back let out annoyed sighs as the teacher finished reading from the list and people began to get up to leave. Y/N took her time packing away; she was in no hurry to get to lunch.

"Hey." Y/N looked up to find the source of the voice was her new English partner.

"Hey." She replied as she finished packing away her books.

"I was wondering when you wanted to work on the project?" Billy asked with a small smile as he followed her out of the classroom. His

voice was softer than the times she had heard him talking.

"Whenever is fine for you." Y/N said with a small smile lifting the corners of her lips.

"You free tonight?"

"Yeah."

"Alright, meet me outside after school and we can go to my place." He smiled at her before walking off to meet his friends.

When the bell signalled the end of the day Y/N began to get really nervous. She packed up her biology books as quickly as she could and then made her way outside. Billy was already leaning up against the side of his Camaro with a cigarette between his lips. He dropped it, crushed it under the heel of his shoe and smiled as he saw her.

"Hey." Y/N said as she walked over to him.

"Hey." He smiled wider as he opened the door for her. She climbed in and he shut it for her. That was when Y/N noticed the younger redhead sat in the back.

"You must be Billy's sister, I'm Y/N."

"Step-sister. I'm Max." The girl smiled. Billy climbed into the car and set off. "So, are you two..." Max trailed off.

"Working on an English assignment." Billy quickly shot back as Y/N started blushing. He shot a look over at her and smiled slightly as he put the radio on.

The rest of the drive was silent and they quickly reached the house. Y/N climbed out of the car and held the seat down for Max to climb out. The girl thanked her before quickly running inside the house. Y/N grabbed her backpack. She followed Billy up to the house and thanked him as he held the door open.

He showed her to his room. "You want anything to eat or drink?"

"Water please." She smiled.

He left to get it and she surveyed his room. It was messy but not as much as she would have expected. There was a full ash tray on one of his sides and cologne and hair products on another. She perched herself on the edge of the bed before pulling out the assignment and her copy of Jekyll and Hyde.

“Here you go, sweetheart.” Billy said handing her the water as he came back into the room. The front door opened and then slammed shut and Y/N looked at him questionably. “It’s just my dad.”

They quickly set off working and Y/N was surprised with how much Billy actually contributed. They were making good progress but also talking about themselves in between. It actually turned out that the pair had quite a lot in common. Mainly their movie and music taste but they were becoming quick friends.

“Shit.” Y/N muttered looking through her bag.

“What?” Billy asked looking up at her from his position laying on the bed.

“I think my folder might have fallen out in your car.” Y/N explained.

“Here.” Billy smiled and threw her his keys. “Go look, I’ll finish this bit.”

She smiled back at him before quickly leaving to go to the car. She didn’t notice Billy’s dad sat in the living room as she walked past. The man quickly got to his feet and stumbled into his son’s room.

“You bringing your whores here now?” Neil Hargrove asked as his son shot of the bed.

“We’re doing an English assignment, sir.” Billy said.

In a flash Billy was pinned against his shelves; his father’s hands on his denim jackets sides. “You think I’m stupid.”

“Of course not.” Billy said before a fist connected with his cheek.

“Of course not, what?” Neil spat.

“Sir.” Billy muttered.

“That’s better.” Neil said before dropping Billy to the floor. Billy curled into himself.

Y/N passed Neil Hargrove in the hall and muttered a quick greeting that the man didn’t return. She walked into Billy’s room and dropped her folder to the floor as she saw Billy on the floor.

“Billy?” She muttered in shock.

“Shut the door and lock it.” Billy choked out.

She did as he said before kneeling down in front of him on the floor. “Did... Did your dad...?” She stumbled over her words as she looked at the boy she had been laughing with minutes before, now crumbling on the floor.

Billy merely nodded. Like always the tears were beginning to run down his cheeks. Y/N moved closer to him and reached out her arms. He folded into her and buried his head in her chest; both his arms wrapped around her waist. She slid one arm around his back and threaded the other through his hair. She could feel his tears starting to dampen her shirt. She lost track of just how long they sat on the floor before he pulled away shakily.

“You should tell someone.” Y/N whispered.

“Like who? Who would actually care?” Billy chuckled humorously and brokenly.

“I would.” She murmured and his eyes shot up to meet hers. “You could tell Hopper.”

“I couldn’t.” He muttered before standing up and pulling her up with him. He started grabbing everything they had been using. “Let’s go someplace else.” He wiped a hand over his face as she helped him start to pick up books.

At the beginning of today, Billy Hargrove had been a stranger. Now she was determined to help him out of this living hell.

2. Daylight

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy is moving away from California. Based on Daylight by Maroon Five. (Angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Mentions of abuse

Here I am waiting

I'll have to leave soon

Why am I holding on?

We knew this day would come

We knew it all along

How did it come so fast?

When Billy had told her he was moving away, Y/N had been almost as distraught as him. Neither of them could stand to lose the other. But they had over a month left together so they decided to make the most of it. The month had flown so fast neither of them even saw their last night together coming. Yet here it was.

Luckily, Y/N's parents had decided that the night in question was a great time to go visit her grandparents out of town. Y/N thanked god that they had. Billy had knocked on her door just after five in the evening after he had managed to pack up well enough for his dad to let him go. He was crying before she even opened the door. When she saw him stood there in his denim jacket for possibly the last time, she started crying too. He walked straight up to her and shut the door behind him before cupping her cheeks and kissing her with desperation. Their tears mixed as he picked her up, without breaking the kiss, and carried her upstairs.

This is our last night but it's late

And I'm trying not to sleep

Cause I know, when I wake, I will have to slip away.

Billy laid staring at the ceiling. Y/N was drawing patterns on his bare chest with her fingers as they both tried not to fall asleep. They wanted to save each moment they had left.

“Don’t go.” Y/N choked out.

“You know he’d kill me if I didn’t.” Billy whispered as he grabbed her hand in his and kissed her knuckles. “I’ll come back for you, as soon as I turn 18.”

And when the daylight comes I'll have to go

But tonight, I'm gonna hold you so close

Cause in the daylight we'll be on our own

But tonight, I need to hold you so close.

His arms tightened around her as she shifted and pulled the necklace she always wore from around her neck and hooked it around his. Neither of them said anything. He just pulled her closer and pressed kisses to her hairline as she laid back on his chest. She went back to drawing faceless patterns on his chest and he watched as her eyes started to get heavy and she began to drop off to sleep. Her breathing evened out and her movements stopped.

Here I am staring at your perfection

In my arms, so beautiful

The sky is getting bright, the stars are burning out

Somebody slow it down.

He refused to lift his eyes from her sleeping form. He was fighting off sleep with everything he had. He didn’t care if he was too tired to drive tomorrow. He just needed to cement as much of her in his mind as possible. She was perfect in every way. He loved her with all his

being. No matter where they were, how far away, or whoever they were with, neither of them would ever stop loving the other.

Billy glanced at her curtains and saw that light underneath was beginning to get brighter. The darkness was ebbing away. He didn't want to look at the clock; didn't want to know how long he had left with her.

This is way too hard, 'cause I know

When the sun comes up, I will leave

This is my last glance that will soon be memory.

His eyes drifted to her face again and it hit him once again that he would soon have to leave and he didn't know when, if ever, he would ever see her again. It became harder for him to keep the tears in his eyes and he let them trail down his cheeks. Everything they were, had been, was about to become a memory. He didn't think he could handle it. His chest was beginning to shake with his sobs but he kept most of it in so as to not wake her.

And when the daylight comes I'll have to go

But tonight, I'm gonna hold you so close

Cause in the daylight we'll be on our own

But tonight, I need to hold you so close.

He reached up an arm and wiped the tears from his face before gently running his hand through her hair. Tomorrow, they would be miles away from each other. But he swore, with every fibre of his being, that he would come back for her as soon as he could. Screw his dad, screw high school, screw her parents, screw anyone that would stand in their way. He would be back for her and she would go with him.

I never want it to stop

Because I don't wanna start all over

Start all over

I was afraid of the dark

But now it's all that I want

All that I want, all that I want.

He doubted as long as they both lived they would ever be able to properly start over with other people. He knew he wouldn't. He would never be able to. She had seen him at his best, at his worse, at his most vulnerable and she still loved him more than anything else in this world. He was still questioning what had made her fall for him in the first place but he thanked god every day that she had.

The light was starting to get even brighter now. As a child he had been scared of the dark; now it was all he wanted.

And when the daylight comes I'll have to go

But tonight, I'm gonna hold you so close

Cause in the daylight we'll be on our own

But tonight, I need to hold you so close.

The sun would be up fully soon and Y/N would wake up. Billy wanted neither of those things. He wanted to freeze them in this moment. She looked so peaceful and happy. He knew when she woke up that would change. She'd cry, he'd cry and they would both fall apart on each other. But right now, it was peaceful and he was going to live in this moment for as long as possible.

3. Daylight - Part 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy goes back to California (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Mentions of abuse

Only a quitter

Would let it go.

I'm your fool in a one-man show.

I was so bitter,

'Til you came along.

You set my sails when the tide was low.

Y/N was sat reading on the sofa when there was a knock on the front door. Her parents were both still at work since it was mid-afternoon. It was the summer holidays and she had recently graduated but still had no idea where she wanted to go. She knew she was leaving it late but she didn't want to make any decisions without a certain someone. She placed her book to the side and opened the front door to reveal the only boy she had ever loved.

"Billy?" She stood there in shock as he smiled. It had been over a year since they had seen each other.

"Hey, princess." That was all it took and she jumped into his open embrace. Her arms wrapped around his neck and she buried her head in the crook of his neck. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pressed a kiss to her temple. "I missed you."

"I missed you too, so much." She whispered into his neck before pulling back to look at him. "Why are you here?"

“To ask you to run away with me.” He smiled. “We’ve both graduated. Let’s get out of here. We can go anywhere we want.”

Y/N didn’t even need to think about it before agreeing and slamming her lips against his. He smiled and followed her upstairs as she packed a bag. He leant against the door frame and watched her closely. She hadn’t changed much. Her hair was longer, she had another piercing in her ear and she seemed even more beautiful. He had changed more, Y/N had noticed. His hair was chopped a lot shorter and he wasn’t wearing his ear ring. However, his usual denim jacket adorned his shoulders, there was a fading bruise on his left cheekbone and there was a pack of cigarettes in his pocket.

We’re going down this road

With tears in our rear-view mirror.

Far from home,

But in the dark, you’ll know,

With me you’ve got nothing to fear.

Y/N threw her bag in the trunk of the Camaro next to Billy’s stuff and quickly scribbled a note for her parents saying she would call as soon as they had a more permeant destination. She climbed into the passenger seat with a smile that Billy matched as they set off down the road.

“Any idea on destination?” Billy questioned.

“How about New York?” She suggested.

Billy glanced at her. “Why the hell not?”

She laughed and turned the radio on. Bryan Adams came flooding through the speakers and they glanced at each other with a smile as Billy lit a cigarette before passing it too her. They talked about everything that had happened over the past year as they passed the cigarette back and forth.

So, let’s run away.

They will have to find another heart to break.

Why don't we just run away?

Never turn around, no matter what they say.

We'll find our way.

When the sun goes down

On this town,

There'll be no one left, but us.

Just like runaways,

They will have to find some other hearts to break, hearts to break.

They drove into an empty town as the sun was starting to set. They glanced at the houses and small amount of shops with wonder. Neither of them had actually dreamed they would actually run away together. But, they also both knew it would have always been to outcome. It contradicted itself but everything had gotten so complicated since Billy had left. They pulled into a motel that looked half decent for the night. Y/N walked up to the desk as Billy pulled their bags out of the back.

They got a room and as soon as Y/N had closed the door, Billy's lips were on hers with some primal urge.

Out in the distance,

Lost in the fold,

We trace our steps to a great unknown.

Bury our toes,

Where the ocean meets the sand.

We hide ourselves right where we stand.

They stopped off at a wide variety of places as they road tripped

across the country. They were making it last as long as possible because as soon as they reached New York it would all become normal and stationary. Y/N had managed to get them both places at NYU and they had found a small, cheap apartment. While they would both be together, and in the end, that was all that mattered, the current sense of freedom would diminish.

They won't catch us in the dark,

Roll like thunder, burn like stars.

Run away,

They will have to find another heart to break, heart to break...

They laid on the front of the Camaro, wrapped in each other's arms and looking at the stars. "I wish we could do this forever." Y/N whispered as her head laid on his shoulder.

"So do I, princess." He smiled down at her. "Let's get through college and we can do it all again."

She smiled widely at him and moved so she was straddling his hips. "As long as I'm with you." She leant down and kissed him as his hands rested on her hips. "I love you, Billy Hargrove."

"I love you too, Y/N L/N." He smiled before cupping her cheek and pulling her down for another kiss.

So, let's run away.

They will have to find another heart to break.

Why don't we just run away?

Never turn around, no matter what they say.

We'll find our way.

When the sun goes down

On this town,

There'll be no one left, but us.

Just like runaways,

They will have to find some other hearts to break, hearts to break.

4. Pestering

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy is determined to get Steve Harrington's best friend to go out with him. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Billy being a slight ass and swearing.

As soon as Billy Hargrove entered Hawkins high school, he made it his mission to push Steve Harrington from his throne. That included taking everything from him; including his best friend. At first Y/N had been nothing but a conquest for Billy. She was someone he had believed it would be easy to impress. How wrong he had been. She had ignored all his advances from day one while all the other girls were swooning over him. As time went on he became more and more infatuated with the girl. She intrigued him and now there was something beyond just wanting to destroy Harrington.

"You heard about the party Friday, princess?" Billy asked, his usual smile on his face, as Y/N retrieved a folder from her locker. He did this a lot when she needed to get something.

"Yep," She popped the p as she slammed her locker door shut. "I'm going with Nancy and Steve."

"Why not let me take you instead? We both know I'd be better company." He whispered the last part in her ear and threw an arm over her shoulders.

She shuddered at his closeness but through his arm off and kept walking. "Fuck you, Hargrove."

"Not with that attitude, princess." He smirked as he noticed her resolve was starting to dissolve.

"You are an ass." She muttered.

"C'mon. One night and if you hate it you never have to see me

again.” He stepped in front of her, with that goddamn smile on his face, and placed his hands on her biceps to stop her moving.

”One night and I never have to see you again.” Y/N scoffed. “That seems like a deal I can make.”

“Great! I’ll pick you up at eight.” He leaned down. “I can promise you now that you’re not going to hate it, princess.” He pressed his lips to hers quickly before walking off with a smile on his face. She stood there in the hall, a similar expression on her face as well.

5. 2AM Talks

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy needs to get out. He finds himself in an all night diner with Y/N. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Mentions of abuse

Y/N had always been a light sleeper. When her parents weren't home it was worse; every little noise would wake her up. So, when the phone rang at 2am, she almost had a heart attack. She shot up in bed, prepared to fight anyone or anything when she realised it was the usual shrill tones of the phone. After a quick glance at her clock, she reached across to her phone and picked it up off the stand. "Hello?"

"Hey," Billy's voice sounded down the line. "Y/N, I know it's 2am but can we meet up?" He sounded terrible.

"Of course. Where are you?" She questioned as she held the phone between her ear and shoulder to reach, as far as the chord would allow, for some clothes.

"At a payphone. Meet me at the end of your road in 15 minutes." His voice was hoarse and she could tell he was smoking.

"Okay. See you soon." She hung up the phone and pulled on some warm clothes and a pair of boots.

Y/N locked the door behind her as she left the house and walked out into the cold. She pulled her hoodie tighter as she made her way to the end of the road and saw the usual blue Camaro parked on the corner. Billy leaned across and opened the passenger door as she walked up and she jumped straight in. She shut the door and he pulled straight off. The radio played softly through the car compared to his usual music choice. She looked at him closely. There was a cigarette between his fingers, his hands were shaking violently and his eyes were red rimmed. He was facing straight ahead so she could

see little of the forming bruise under his left eye.

“You okay?” She asked cautiously. He glanced across at her, threw the cigarette out after one last drag, and she could see the bruise properly. He didn’t answer her; only reached across and took her hand in his. She ran her other hand over the top of his and the shaking began to lessen. She knew he wouldn’t talk until they got to wherever he was taking them.

Billy felt his heart rate start to drop back to its usual as soon as Y/N got in the car. She had a way of calming him down. Whether it was from anger or panic, she was the only thing that could keep him calm. He glanced across at her to find her staring out of the window, her hands still entwined with his. He finally pulled the car over at an all-night café.

“You hungry?” His voice was still hoarse and he hated it.

She merely nodded and they both climbed out. He wrapped her into his side as they walked through the door. A waitress showed them to a booth and Y/N slid into one side. She expected Billy to sit across from her, but, to her surprise, he slid in next to her. Whatever had happened had been bad. The waitress came back and Y/N ordered a hot chocolate while he ordered a coke and some fries. Y/N could finally see the bruise properly now she was sat on his left. She reached up and traced her thumb over the area lightly. “You wanna talk about it?”

The waitress came back with their drinks and they both thanked her.

Billy took in a shaky breath. “Max... Max told my dad about you. I know she didn’t mean too but she did.” Billy was starting to shake again so Y/N took his hand in hers. “He said some things about you and I got mad and I started shouting and...” He didn’t need to finish the sentence.

“I love you.” Y/N muttered and kissed him lightly. “You should go to Hopper.” She muttered when they pulled apart.

“He’d kill me.” He whispered as the waitress brought over the fries.

“Let’s forget about him right now.” She looked into his glazed over eyes. “We haven’t been out for ages.” She laughed slightly and he joined in.

He pressed a kiss into her hair and they sat there and ate fries and drank their drinks. For the first time in a long time, they laughed and both felt free. When they were back in the car, Y/N quickly fell asleep. Billy glanced at her and swore to himself that one day he would pluck up enough courage to ask her to run away with him. Both of them could get out of this dead-end town and start their own story.

He pulled up to her house now he knew her parents weren’t home. He climbed out and walked around to the passenger side. He pulled the house keys out of her pocket before picking her up. Her arms went around his neck and she buried her face into his shoulder. He smiled and locked his car before opening her door and locking it behind them. He carried her upstairs and put her on her bed. He pulled off her boots and hoodie before pulling off his shirt and boots. He climbed into bed with her and pulled her into him. She rested her head on his chest and he wrapped her in his arms.

“I love you.” He whispered to her as he started to drift off, finally safe for the time being.

6. Party Games

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N spins the bottle and it lands on the new kid.
(fluff, gets kinda steamy)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Implied smut

Going to parties, for Y/N, was a necessity. She loved the atmosphere, the dancing and most of the time, the games. This party was the stereotypical high school house party. There was drinking, dancing, stuff getting drunk and the usual game of 7 minutes in heaven. Y/N was drunk enough to not care about who she could possibly get stuck in a dark closet with. Although there were certain people she would certainly never consider playing this game with. Since the game had started very late, there were few people actually left at the party. Those who were quickly sat around the bottle someone had placed in the middle of the floor.

Several people had already taken a turn before it was Y/N's turn to spin the empty liqueur bottle. When it was her turn she reached over, an intoxicated smile on her face, and spun the bottle round. It did several laps of the circle before landing on the school's resident mullet wearing asshole. Billy Hargrove smirked as he stood up and offered his hand to Y/N. The girl merely shrugged and took it; there were not many (none) better looking people she could have chosen. Billy continued to smirk as they were shut in the closet and someone started the timer.

"Y/N, right?" His voice cut through the gloom.

"Wow, Billy Hargrove actually knows who I am." She rolled her eyes and chuckled.

"How could I not notice someone so beautiful?" His voice sounded right next to her ear and she nearly jumped out of her skin. He smirked in the dark.

“Then why don’t you do something about it?” The sudden courage was brought on by the alcohol.

Billy leaned forward and placed one hand on the side of her face. “Maybe I just will.” He pressed their lips together and his other arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer, as he pressed her against the wall. Her hands wrapped around his neck; one tangled into his hair while the other ran over his cheek. He groaned as she tugged on his hair. “Be careful, princess. We’ve not got long.” He pulled her even closer somehow and kissed her with more force.

When the door was ripped open, they barely separated and he pulled her upstairs.

7. Issues

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N and Billy don't judge each other based on their mistakes. Based on Issues by Julia Michaels. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Mentions of abuse

Billy Hargrove had never intended Y/N L/N to be anything other than a one-night stand. However, as she sat up, holding the covers to her chest as he laid on his back watching her, he noticed the bruises that scattered the skin of her back. Initially he had been too preoccupied to notice, now, he saw them on her arms as well. He knew immediately what they were; he had been covered in similar marks too many times not too. Y/N expected him to run as soon as he saw her father's hatred left in physical marks, boys often did. Instead he merely sat up, angled his body towards her and pressed a kiss to her bare shoulder.

"Your father?" He questioned quietly.

She nodded and looked at his bare chest properly and noticed the bruises there. "Yours?"

He nodded and kissed her slowly.

I'm jealous, I'm overzealous

When I'm down, I get real down

When I'm high, I don't come down

I get angry, baby, believe me

I could love you just like that

And I could leave you just as fast.

Since that night the pair had been inseparable. They used each other as an escape and too numb the pain. At school they ran the place; Billy got into fights and Y/N kept him out of trouble as much as she could. They fell in love quickly and kept each other hidden from their fathers. They drove out of town for dates and always went on midnight drives whenever the other needed it.

But you don't judge me

'Cause if you did, baby, I would judge you too

No, you don't judge me

'Cause if you did, baby, I would judge you too.

She knew he got into fights to release the anger that he couldn't on his father and he knew she had initially slept with a long list of guys for the same reason. But neither of them cared. They didn't judge each other like others judged them because they understood why the other did or does what they do.

'Cause I got issues

But you got 'em too

So, give 'em all to me

And I'll give mine to you

Bask in the glory

Of all our problems

'Cause we got the kind of love

It takes to solve 'em

Yeah, I got issues

And one of them is how bad I need you

Tonight, it was Y/N's turn to run to Billy. She quietly knocked on his window and thanked god that he lived in a single-story house. Billy

opened the window almost immediately and jumped outside before shutting it behind him. He cupped her face and examined her black eye and bleeding cheekbone. "I should kill him."

"And I should kill yours." She smiled weakly.

He kissed her forehead before pulling her to his car.

You do shit on purpose

You get mad and you break things

Feel bad, try to fix things

But you're perfect

Poorly wired circuit

And got hands like an ocean

Push you out, pull you back in.

Billy's knuckles were white on the steering wheel as the speed dial climbed and climbed up and up. Y/N reached over and put a hand on his knee. "You're gonna kill us both."

He glanced at her as his breathing evened out and the speed of the Camaro began to drop. He turned the radio up and lit a cigarette before offering her one. She took one and used his lighter to light it. She took a long drag and let the smoke burn her lungs before exhaling.

"Run away with me?" Billy kept his eyes on the road as she turned to look at him after his statement.

'Cause I got issues

But you got 'em too

So, give 'em all to me

And I'll give mine to you

Bask in the glory

Of all our problems

'Cause we got the kind of love

It takes to solve 'em.

“Where would we go?” Y/n studied his face as he took a drag from his cigarette.

“Anywhere. We could just get out of this hellhole.” Billy muttered as he glanced at her.

“Now?”

“Why not now?” He was smiling now and she matched his grin. “I’ve still got family in Cali.”

“Wouldn’t your dad know where we were?” She asked as Billy turned down a road towards the main highway.

“No, my uncle hates him.” Billy smiled.

“What the hell.” Y/N murmured. “Let’s get out of here.”

Neither of them had anything they needed back at their houses so leaving right then and there seemed like the best option. He smiled widely at her as he sped up slightly and she caught his eye and smiled back.

Yeah, I got issues

And one of them is how bad I need you.

8. Safe Haven

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy realises Y/N is his safe haven. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: None

”Dance with me.” Y/N held her hands out for Billy. He smiled before taking her hand, wrapping her in his arms and swaying to the music coming from his car.

It was dusk and the pair had driven out to a field at the edge of Hawkins. Between Billy’s father and her own parents there were few places they could go without been seen. So, a picnic on the hood of the Camaro was their best option. Not that either of them minded; they just wanted to be alone together. The soft tunes of Cheap Trick drifting out of the cars speakers and dancing was enough for the both of them. They had been dating for almost 6 months. They could no longer imagine life without the other.

Billy took one of her hands in his and kept the other on her waist as the song changed to a faster one. She held her hand on his shoulder and laughed but still moved with him. As the songs changed so did the way they were stood. His hands were on her waist, her around his neck as she laid her head on his chest. He looked down at her and suddenly all his emotions hit him at once.

Y/N looked up as she felt water drop onto the back of her neck. “Why are you crying?” She asked worriedly as she brought her hands up to his face and wiped the tears away with her thumb.

“You make me feel safe.” He smiled at her with glistening eyes. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.” She smiled and pressed her lips to his.

They continued to sway to the music as they kissed. They had finally realised that there safe haven could be found in the other.

9. The Trails of Love

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy can't break the only good thing that has ever happened to him. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Language, Billy being a dick

Y/N was sat on her bedroom floor avoiding eye contact with the boy who was collecting his things from around the room. She tried to hold in her tears but it wasn't working. He had come round, as he always did on a school night, and had told her that they couldn't continue with one another anymore; it wasn't working out. Now as she watched him collect the various items he had left over the last 6 months, she wondered what had happened so quickly.

"I thought things were going great." Y/N choked out.

Billy stopped and tensed with his back to her. "Well they aren't." He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists as he tried so hard not to look at her. He could hear her crying and it took everything he had to not turn around and wrap her in his arms. But he couldn't; not this time.

"What did I do?" She stopped trying to hold in her tears and just let them stream down her face. Just yesterday they had been sat in his car laughing. Now he was trying to remove himself completely from her life and that killed her.

"Nothing. We're just not compatible. I thought we were but we're not." Billy looked at the t-shirt flung on the back of her chair. It was his but he couldn't even think about taking it. There were too many images cemented in his head of her wearing it.

"Don't you love me?"

That caught Billy off guard and he clenched his jaw to stop himself yelling: yes, I do. Of course, I do. He finally turned to face her and saw that she had stood up. His eyes were red and tears meandered

their way down her cheeks. Even like this she was the most beautiful person he had ever seen. "I never loved you, Y/N. I'm sorry, I tried but I just couldn't." His voice wasn't harsh but she flinched at his words as though he had hit her.

"Fuck you, Hargrove." She cried as she covered her face with her hands. "Get out!"

Billy was glad she couldn't see him. The tears beginning to form in his crystal blue eyes would have been the giveaway. Instead he sighed, walked up to her and placed a kiss to her forehead. "I'm sorry." He whispered and then left.

As soon as he had walked out, Y/N collapsed to the floor again in tears. She didn't know what to do without him. Billy got into his car and hit the steering wheel with a scream. The tears had begun to flow down his cheeks but he roughly wiped them away with his hand. He threw the car into drive and set off. He knew he wouldn't be able to cope without her but he had to. He was toxic. He destroyed everything around him and he couldn't let himself corrupt her. He tried so hard to convince himself as he drove off without looking back.

10. The Trails of Love - Part 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy gets a second chance (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Mentions of abuse

Y/N hadn't spoken to Billy since he left her crying in her room over a month ago. It had been the hardest month of her life. She constantly saw him around school and she didn't know what to do other than avoid him at all costs. News had spread like wildfire around school that they were no longer together and no one was particularly shocked. Yet, Y/N, would never have seen it coming. She still second-guessed herself and wondered if she had missed some sort of sign. It seemed as though one minute they were fine and the next they had imploded.

Billy felt like hell. That was the only way he could describe it. He felt as though he was slowly burning from the inside and every time he saw Y/N looking completely broken the feeling intensified. He didn't know what to do about it so he did what he always did; he lashed out. Over the past month, the amount of fights he had gotten himself into had increased tenfold and, even though he knew what would result from it, he had lashed out at his dad as well. He supposed it was his way of punishing himself for what he had done to Y/N.

Tonight, was the worst time. Billy had been itching for a fight before he had even got home. He had been listening to all the gossip and rumours about him and Y/N all day and he was at breaking point. He hadn't meant for his dad to be the one he lost it and shouted at, but it had happened and now he found himself sat on the curb of the nearest 7-eleven. His eyes still stung from unshed tears and the cuts on his face were beginning to burn. There was a cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth and a can of coke in his hand. He kept alternating holding the can against the growing bruises on his face and drinking it. He knew he couldn't go home tonight and he was already on his third can. He was about to get up and buy another

when an all too familiar car pulled into the car park.

Billy stayed put, partially hidden behind his Camaro, as Y/N climbed out of her car. He prayed that she wouldn't see him but, as always, had no such luck. She met his gaze and her eyes widened in shock. Before she even knew what she was doing, she was running to him. Everything he had done was forgotten for the moment as she immediately knew what had happened. She dropped to her knees in front of him and that was all it took. Everything he had tried to contain or let out as anger over the last month hit him like a freight train. He completely broke down and she did what she always did and pulled him into her. Y/N could feel his tears on her neck and his hands fisting the back of her shirt.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." He sobbed as he started to shake. "I didn't mean any of it. I love you. I love you so much, Y/N."

Y/N tangled her hands in his hair and pushed him away from her so she could look at him as tears started to run down her own cheeks. "I don't understand."

"I didn't want to be selfish. I didn't want to destroy you like I destroy everything else; I couldn't." He looked at her and his ocean blue eyes glistened. "I don't care anymore I want to be selfish. I can't function without you, Y/N. I'm so sorry."

"You could have told me." She whispered. "I can't lose you either. I love you, Billy."

He continued sobbing but smiled anyway. She matched his smile and wiped away his tears as she pulled him back into her and firmly pressed her lips against his.

11. Don't Go

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N can't keep being Billy's dirty little secret. (angst)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Mentions of abuse, swearing

"I can't do this anymore, Billy!" Y/N screamed at the boy stood in the middle of his bedroom. "I can't keep pretending that I don't know you out of our rooms!" There were angry tears streaming down her cheeks. Luckily, his dad and step-mom had left for the weekend and Max was out with the party.

"You think I want to! We don't have a choice, Y/N. If my dad found out..." He ran his hands over his face in a prayer motion. "Plus, you don't need me tarnishing your reputation."

"You think I give a shit about my reputation?" Y/N couldn't believe the words that were leaving his mouth.

"You might not but I sure as hell give a shit about what people say about you." He pointed at her from the other side of the room. They had never got into a fight this bad.

"It's not for you to decide." Her voice had grown quiet and that worried Billy more than when she was yelling at him. "I can't do this." She grabbed her jacket and started walking out.

"Please don't walk out of that door." Billy's voice broke halfway through the sentence and a few tears finally cascaded down his cheeks. He was convinced that, if she walked out now, they would never fix their relationship.

"What else am I supposed to do, Billy?" She spun on her heel. "You refuse to listen to my reasoning."

"I will! I promise but I love you, please don't go." He was shaking from the sobs that wanted to escape.

“You can’t keep making empty promises.” She sighed and walked out of the room and out the front door.

She didn’t even make it halfway down his drive before he had spun her into his chest and kissed her roughly. She pushed him away but he refused to let go of her hand.

“Whatever it takes. I’ll pick you up tomorrow and take you to school, I’ll sit with you at lunch, I’ll walk you to all your lessons. I just can’t lose the only good thing I’ve ever had. Please, just one more shot.” He was fully sobbing now; not caring who drove past.

“One last chance.” She whispered the tears flowing from her eyes too.

“Yes, baby. I promise you I will try.” He smiled through his tears and pulled her back into him. When he kissed her this time she didn’t pull away but melted into him. Maybe they were far from perfect but with each other they could be unstoppable.

12. Falling

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy meets someone with the attitude and car to rival his. (fluff, gets kinda steamy)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warning: Swearing

To say that Y/N L/N didn't give a shit about school, or anything else for that matter, was an understatement. The girl didn't pay attention in class, sometimes wouldn't even show up, and when she did she was likely to raise hell. But that's not what made the teachers, and most of the school body, hate her. The thing that got to them the most was that she was top of every class and her grades and GPA were above average; way above. She was smart and by god did she know it. Her appearance didn't convey her intelligence at all. Most of the time she was in a leather jacket with a cigarette in-between her fore and middle fingers.

Billy Hargrove took a liking to her as soon as he laid eyes on her. Her mustang rivalled his Camaro and her attitude mirrored his. She was hot as hell and he couldn't help but check her out every time she walked past. He noticed people generally stayed out of her way. He had asked Tommy about it and he learnt that Carol had tried to get a group to gang up on her that year previous and all the girls had to spend the day in the nurse's office while Y/N was suspended. While her violent outbursts were infrequent and limited to when someone came at her first, she wasn't afraid to get her hands dirty. Billy respected that. He also respected the fact, that unlike the rest of the female school body, she didn't give two shits about the Californian hotshot.

Y/N normally skipped fourth period English on a Thursday because she had read the text about a hundred times and was already prepared for the exam. She sat in her usual place on the stairs at the back of the school with a cigarette between her lips. The sound of boots crunching on the gravel drew her attention and she turned to

be met with the schools new, double denim wearing devil.

“Heard you were the person to talk to if I’m failing chemistry.” Billy said with his gorgeous smile as he stopped in front of her. They were in the same chemistry and Y/N was well aware of his grades.

“I’m not really the tutoring type, Hargrove.” Y/N flashed him a smirk that matched his own before taking a drag from her cigarette.

Billy merely smirked back at her. “C’mon, angel. I promise I can make it worth your while.”

Y/N scoffed and stumped out her cigarette. “There’s nothing you can give me that I can’t get anywhere else, Hargrove.”

“Fine. But, did it hurt when you fell from heaven? I’m only asking because it hurt when I fell and I thought I might have done it wrong.” He was still smirking at her.

“Really? That the best you got?” Y/N had to hold make her smile.

“Go out with me and I’ll show you the best I’ve got.” He raised his eyebrows suggestively. Y/N shook her head with a laugh. She reached into her backpack and pulled out a notebook. She slammed it into the boy’s chest as she walked past and he turned in confusion. “The hell’s this?”

“The chemistry notes that will make sure you pass.” She smirked as she turned on her heels to face him before lighting another cigarette. “Pass chemistry and maybe I’ll consider going out with you.” She took a drag of the cigarette as she walked off with a smile on her face. Billy merely watched her go with an amused expression. He could fall for this girl. He smirked to himself as he opened the book. This could be fun.

13. Falling - Part 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy and Y/N go on their date (fluff, gets kind of steamy)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Implied smut, underage drinking

Billy actually found himself using Y/N's notebook and studying for once. They had a chemistry test Friday and he was more determined than ever to pass. Y/N hadn't asked for her notes back and he knew she would pass with or without them. Since their exchange at the back of the school the previous week Billy had thrown reckless comments her way throughout the week. The rest of the girls glared at her as she shot equally daring comments back. They were playing a dangerous game and both of them knew it.

Y/N was sat in her usual place again when Billy approached her with a prideful smile holding an exam paper. She smirked and stamped out her cigarette as she stood.

"That good enough for you, princess?" He handed her the paper and his smile turned cocky. He had got a B- on the paper but compared to his usual grades it was a major improvement.

"Maybe, Hargrove. Maybe." She smirked at him as he pulled her notebook out of his brown book bag and handed them back to her. She swapped him for his paper.

"So, as I remember the deal was I pass chemistry and you go out with me." He lit a cigarette and tuck a drag.

She plucked the cigarette from between his lips and secured it between her own as she left the smoke fill her lungs. "Not so fast, pretty boy. I said I'd consider it." His smirk faltered slightly and she chuckled before placing the cigarette back between his lips. "Pick me

up at 7.” She pulled a pen out and rolled his sleeve up before scribbling down her address. He shuddered slightly at their sudden contact. “There’s a bar the other side of town we can go to.” She whispered in his ear before once again stealing his cigarette and walking off towards her car. Billy watched her go with a satisfied smirk.

“He’s cute.” Y/n’s mum called from the living room window where she was spying on Billy.

“He’s an asshole.” Y/N chuckled.

“Perfect for you then.” Her mum joked as she straightened Y/N’s leather jacket collar. Y/N rolled her eyes and went towards the door as the bell rang. “I won’t be home when you get back remember. I’m going out with Karen.”

“Okay, bye.” Y/N waved to her mum as she walked out the door and straight into Billy’s barely covered chest. “Never heard of buttons, Hargrove.”

“We both know you prefer it like this.” He smirked and opened the car door for her.

“Why, thank you. Look who turned out to be a gentleman after all.” She laughed and he gave her a playful glare.

“You have no idea, princess.” He climbed into the car, set off and pressed play on the stereo. The familiar chords of The Scorpions flooded the car and he turned to her. “So, where’s this bar?”

She gave him the directions before the pair sat in comfortable silence. They arrived pretty quickly due to Billy’s erratic driving style. They climbed out and Billy’s hand rested on the small of her back as they walked in. The place was filled with smoke and the majority of people were metal heads. The music strumming through the place suited the people who haunted it. They walked up to the bar and Billy pulled her into his side. If it had been anyone else she might have complained but she had realised as soon as she met him that her and Billy were two sides of the same coin; so, had everyone else at school.

“A beer for me and a-” Billy turned from the bar tender to Y/N.

“An Old Fashioned for me please.” Y/N smiled. The bartender handed Billy his beer before making Y/N’s drink.

“Didn’t take you for the whiskey type.” Billy smirked.

“What were you expecting?”

“Honestly,” He chuckled. “shots.”

She laughed. “Not really my thing.”

The bartender handed Y/N her drink and the pair of them sat and talked. Neither of them drank much. They talked about everything and anything and by the end of the night, they felt as though they had known each other their entire lives. They left the bar laughing as they walked to the Camaro.

“So, you stole Hopper’s truck, went for a joyride and then filled it with balloons and he never even caught you?” Billy laughed as they climbed in.

“Nope. I think he had his suspicions but he and my mom went to school together so she convinced him it wasn’t me.” Y/N’s smile grew as he set off.

“Think she could swing me that kind of favour next time he gives me a ticket?” Billy glanced at her with a smile.

“Sure, pretty boy. Whenever you need it?” Y/N chuckled.

Billy smiled as they pulled up to her house. They both got out and he walked her to the front door. He turned to say goodnight but she crashed their lips together. Things got heated quickly as she pressed her against the door. She pulled back and his lips made their way down her neck. “My mom will be back late.”

“Perfect.” He muttered against her skin. She opened the door and had barely shut it and locked it when his lips were back on hers. She pulled him upstairs and there was an unspoken agreement that this wasn’t going to be a one-time thing.

14. Obsidian

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy comes to Y/N when he feels worthless, but he's making her feel the same way. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Swearing

Y/N L/N had never expected to fall in love with Billy Hargrove. Love didn't seem to be something he was capable of. She had told herself that time and time again since they had started dating a few months before. He was closed off to the world. He rarely showed emotion day to day unless it was anger or pride. That boy was cut from obsidian. He was dangerous and unpredictable. Everyone had warned her to stay away from him but she couldn't. He was a mystery she wanted to solve. Just like obsidian his rough exterior hid a collection of secrets.

At first, finding out what made him tick had been an alluring challenge. Now, Y/N wondered if she was ever going to crack him open. Some nights he would come over covered in blood, tears and bruises. She would take care of him but he wouldn't speak a word. The next morning, he would be gone without a trace other than the lingering smell of cigarette smoke. She loved him with all her heart but she was beginning to wonder if he actually felt the same way about her. He might tell her but it was only in those nights where his father had made him feel worthless. He had never actually confirmed that it was his father that caused his injuries but she could guess.

The pair were laying in her bed, Y/N on Billy's chest and Billy with a cigarette hanging out of the corner of his mouth. He had come running to her after his father had gone off on him and he needed to feel something that told him that he wasn't worthless. But, right now, it was Y/N who was still feeling worthless. She knew that as soon as he had finished his cigarette he would get up to leave. He'd get dressed and jump out of the window with barely a goodbye. As if on cue he dropped the cigarette in an empty glass on the bedside table

and shifted her off his chest as he sat up. He started to get dressed and Y/N quickly pulled on her underwear and one of his shirts.

“Do you love me?” The question caught him off guard and he nearly tripped over his jean leg.

“After everything we’ve been through, you still don’t think that I love you? How could you ask me that?” He spun around to face her and found her sat up hugging the covers on her bed.

“Because you never talk to me. You come over and then leave, you parade me around school like you own the place and you refuse to tell me what your dad actually does to you.” Y/N messed with the covers in her hands; refusing to meet his crystal blue gaze.

The bed dipped down as he sat back down next to her and ran his hands over his face. “I don’t know how to.”

“What?”

“I don’t know how to talk to you. I don’t know how to tell you about my dad. I don’t know how to function in an actual relationship. This,” He gestured between them both. “it scares the living shit out of me. I’m so scared of fucking this up because I honestly don’t know how to function around you. I love you, Y/N. I really do.”

Y/N shifted forwards and kissed his bare shoulder. He turned his body to face her and pulled her into him. He pressed his lips against her and she tangled her fingers through his hair. He pulled back and placed his forehead against hers.

“Stay.” She whispered.

“Of course.” He murmured back as he pulled his jeans off and situated himself on his back again. She laid back on his chest and he pressed a kiss to her temple.

15. Wasted

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N gets hammered at a party. Billy has to take care of her. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Underage drinking

Y/N wasn't the biggest fan of parties but she didn't absolutely despise them. Billy, however, lived for them. He was usually the designated driver but that never stopped him having fun. Y/N only ever agreed to go to parties because she knew he loved them. This party was no different to normal high school parties. People were casually grinding on each other in the main room; there were excessive amounts of alcohol and there was a keg in the backyard. Billy was driving tonight so he couldn't actually show up the rest of the school with his drinking abilities.

As the pair walked in, Billy's arm was secured tightly around Y/N's waist. He had no intention of letting her anywhere near the obnoxious, drunk boys in the room. Y/N, however, quickly escaped his grasp when she saw Steve and Nancy. She told him she would be back in a bit and quickly made a beeline for Nancy and the punch bowl. Billy watched her go carefully but was quickly dragged out into the garden by Tommy, who swore some freshmen needed teaching a lesson.

As the night went on, Y/N completely forgot how much she had drank. She was beyond tipsy and was dancing and having fun with Nancy. She kept seeing glimpses of Billy every so often as he checked that she was alright. Her and Nancy were laughing at nothing and everything all at once when Steve came along and told Nancy he had to get her home. Nancy pouted but said goodbye to Y/N and left clinging to Steve. Y/N caught sight of Billy and stumbled over to him. She wrapped her arms around his midsection and he turned to look at her before scanning for Nancy.

“Where’d Nancy go?” He questioned as he moved them away from his friends.

“Steve took her home.” She slurred still not removing her arms from his waist.

Billy chuckled at her state slightly. “C’mon then, time to get you home, princess.” She didn’t move so he removed her hands and threw an arm around her waist to keep her upright as he led them out. He managed to get her safely into the Camaro before he set off driving back to her house.

He pulled up to her house and thanked god her parents were out late on a date. Her father barely liked him anyway and he was sure he would kill him if he turned up with her in this state. He shut off the engine before walking around to the passenger side of the car. He undid the seat belt and went to lift her out but she giggled.

“Careful where you put your hands, pretty boy.” She was still slurring her words but he couldn’t help but smile.

“Pretty boy?” He questioned as he pulled her out of the car.

“Yeah, you take more care of your appearance than I do.” She giggled.

“Okay, princess. Keys?” He held out his hand and she pulled them out of her pocket and dropped them to the floor. She bent down to pick them up and nearly faceplanted the floor. Billy grabbed her to stop her falling before grabbing the keys and opening the door. He locked it behind them as she lent heavily on him. He sighed and gave up. He lifted her into his arms and began to ascend the stairs.

“You know, you’re nicer than everyone says.” She muttered into his neck.

“Am I now?”

She hummed in response. “If you were an ass you’d have left me there.”

“We both know I’d never just abandon you.” He smiled as he set her

down on the bed. She nearly fell forward as he knelt down in front of her to pull her shoes off.

“I love you.” She murmured sleepily as he laid her down and pulled the covers over her.

“I love you too, princess.” He kissed her forehead. “Get some sleep.”

“Stay.” She whispered.

“I wasn’t planning on leaving.” He replied as he kicked off his shoes and jeans and pulled off his jacket. He laid down next to her and she curled into him.

16. Date Night

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N and Billy finally get a night alone. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: None

Y/N and Billy rarely had a night alone. The majority of the time they spent to either was either at school, when he climbed through her window in the middle of the night or in the presence of siblings or friends. So, when Y/N's parents told her they were going out of town for the weekend and taking her brother with them, she was ecstatic. She called Billy and they arranged to spend some time alone together. Y/N sorted food and Billy grabbed some movies.

"Hey." She smiled as she opened the door for him.

"Hey." He smiled back and pressed a quick kiss to her lips.

She grabbed the food and met him on the sofa as he pulled the videos out of his bag. He had WarGames, Risky Business and Star Wars: The Return of the Jedi. "Which one?" He asked.

"Star Wars!" She laughed as she grabbed it and pushed it into the slot. "Do you even need to ask me that."

Billy laughed. "You're so adorable. And such a nerd. How many times have you actually seen that film?"

"Not enough to not watch it again." She smiled as she curled into him on the sofa.

17. Artwork

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N needs to paint on someone for her art project.
(fluff, gets kinda steamy)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Suggestive comments

Y/N was a bit of an outcast at school. Not to the extent of some people but she was not seen as the most normal of people. She was an avid artist but mainly loved to use herself as a canvas. Her arms and legs were very often covered in various beautiful images. This had caught Billy Hargrove™s attention the moment he set foot in the school. He was adamant he could get her to go out with him but in the end, had wound up as her best friend. No one really saw it coming, the two people in question least of all. But it had happened and now neither of them could do without the other.

Y/N climbed into the passenger side of the blue Camaro as she always did after school. Max was absent tonight as she was in AV club with the boys. "Hey." She greeted Billy as she climbed in.

"Hey, princess." Billy smiled his signature smile. He had adopted the nickname when he first met her and it had become a habit he couldn't shake.

"I need you to help me with something." Y/N fiddled with her fingers nervously as Billy pulled out of the school.

"What is it?" Billy glanced over at her.

"I have an art project to do and you know how I usually use myself as a canvas..." He nodded. "I need to do it on someone else and then take photos. I was wondering if I could use you?"

"Of course. You wanna do it now?" He questioned as they pulled onto her street.

"If that's okay with you." She said as the car came to a stop.

"Yeah, I've got nothing else interesting to do." He smiled as they both climbed out of the car.

They were greeted by Y/N's mother as they entered. "How was your day?"

"Fine." Y/N replied as her mother noticed Billy.

"Oh, hello, Billy. How are you?"

"Fine thanks Mrs L/N." Billy smiled.

"You two-

Y/N cut her mother off. "I've got an art project. Billy's helping me."

"Okay. You kids be careful."

Y/N quickly pulled Billy upstairs before her mother could say anything else.

"Does she still think we're dating?" Billy smirked.

"Yes." Y/N huffed. "No matter how many times I tell her different."

Billy chuckled and sat on the edge of her bed. He watched as she collected various paints and brushes. She threw a sheet on the floor and pulled another one out of the cupboard and put it on the ground. She grabbed some paint covered clothes and a pot and went into the bathroom. When she came back she had changed and the pot was full of water.

"Okay, where do you want me, princess?" Billy smirked as she started to go red.

"I need you to sit on the floor." She paused as he did so. "And take your shirt off."

Billy raised an eyebrow as a more wicked smirk graced his face. He slowly started taking his jacket off. "You know, if you wanted to see

me naked this much, princess, you could have just asked.”

“Shut-up, dipshit. I need to paint on your chest.” Y/N tried not to look at the way his muscles flexed as he lifted his shirt over his head. She sat crossed legged in front of him as she arranged her paints and equipment on the sheet. She tossed the spare sheet over his legs to protect his jeans. She dipped her brush in the first colour and applied it to the upper right part of his chest.

He jumped back with an intake of breath. “Sorry, it’s cold.” He chuckled and she joined him.

The tension in the room lessened as she began to form beautiful images on his chest out of the simplest of movements. He watched her work with awe and was suddenly reminded by what drew him to her in the first place. She took her time as she worked; making sure everything was perfect. She ended up with paint in her hair and on her face and Billy couldn’t stop smiling. Every so often she would go slightly wrong and would have to correct it with a cloth. Every time it happened, Billy would hold his breath and will himself to think of anything else.

“Finished.” She smiled and sat back to look over her work. “Stay still. I’m gonna grab the camera.” She came back in and positioned him in front of a white sheet that was draped over one wall. She took a few photos and placed each polaroid on top of a folder.

“Is that all?” He questioned as she looked over the photos.

“I need to do another one. But we can do it some other time if you want to get home.” She told him as she grabbed a fresh bowl of water and a cloth.

“No, I got no where to be.” He smiled.

“Okay.” She motioned for him to sit down and started to clean the paint from his chest.

This time Billy couldn’t stop himself. He was in no position to ruin her work this time. Without a second thought he lunged forward and pressed his lips against hers. The kiss was primal and full of need as

she melted into him and tangled her hands in his hair. He started trailing kisses down her neck before he moved to her ear. "I think we can do the other one some other time."

"Agreed." She muttered breathlessly.

He smirked as he kissed her again.

18. What Happened?

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy wants to keep their relationship a secret, but when Y/N sees him with a black eye she can't help but ask. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Mentions of abuse, language

Y/N L/N wasn't Billy Hargrove's usual type. She was quiet, reserved, respectful and was book smart. She was Nancy Wheeler's best friend and the pair of them were pretty much top of every class. She had first met Billy sat in the car park of the nearest convenience store cradling a black eye and split lip. He had assured her it was only from a fight he had with Tommy but she had insisted on helping him anyway. He wasn't used to people actually giving a shit about him. At first, he had been hesitant; he feared her intentions. Pretty soon he had come to realise that she was actually a decent person and not after anything.

Things had kicked off pretty quickly but he wanted to keep it hidden. Both of their reputations could suffer. Not to mention he was terrified that she could get hurt. Most of the time she was okay with the agreement. He still acknowledged her in the halls with a smile or a small hello and the entire school body wasn't trying to get all the gossip on their relationship. But seeing him hurt was where she drew the line.

Billy had pissed his dad off first thing in the morning and was now trying to hide the growing bruise forming over his eye. He kept his head down as he walked to his locker but as always, his friends wanted to know who he had beat the shit out of. Yeah, he had a nice shiner but they never even considered the possibility that he could have lost the fight. So, he played the part. He bragged about beating the shit out of some kid the night before. He would have kept it up until the first bell if he didn't feel a hand on his arm.

“Can we talk?” Y/N was looking at the bruise.

He quickly glanced from her to his friends. “Sure, princess.” He smirked and led her away.

“Whoooo! Go get some, Hargrove!” One of the guys called and Billy visibly tensed.

“Why don’t you go fuck yourself, Nicolson!” Billy yelled back.

Y/N grabbed his arm and led him away. “What happened?” She questioned when they were alone. “And don’t give me the bullshit you were giving them.” She carefully ran her fingers under the forming bruise.

“Nothing. I’m fine.” He snapped but regretted it when she jumped away from him. “Look, it’s nothing you need to worry about.”

“It is, because contrary to what everyone else believes you are actually my boyfriend.” Billy immediately looked around to tell if anyone was listening.

“Fine.” He muttered running his hands down his face as he grabbed her arm and pulled her into the nearest classroom. Luckily at this time they were empty or they would have done a repeat of what Lucas did a few months prior.

“Who did this? Because you didn’t look like that when you climbed out of my window this morning.” Y/N pressed. She had her ideas and she figured now was a better time than any to voice them. “Was it your dad?”

He looked at her in shock. “How did you...?”

“I put two and two together, Billy. You’re covered in bruises more than you aren’t. And unlike your friends I notice when your knuckles aren’t bruised.” She grabbed his hands and ran her thumbs over his knuckles. “I’m not going to force you to tell me anything else. But I will be here when you do want to talk.”

She smiled at him but he just nodded and looked at their entwined hands. “You look like you could use a hug.”

He chuckled and held his arms open. She stepped into his embrace as he buried his head in her shoulder. They stayed like that until the bell rang. He pressed a kiss to her exposed neck as he pulled away before pressing another to her head and then her lips. "Thank you."

"Any time." She smiled at him and went to walk out. However, he tugged her under his arm and walked them both out. She looked up at him in confusion. "What-"

"It's time we stopped hiding." He smiled and pressed another kiss to her forehead as everyone stared. She smiled and tucked herself deeper into his embrace.

19. Drunk

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy drinks to numb the pain. Y/N has to patch him up. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Underage drinking, mentions of abuse

Y/N was woken by a loud and obnoxious banging on her front door. Her parents worked nights so she intended to just let it go. However, the banging started getting louder and more frequent. She pulled on her robe before swinging herself out of bed and walking downstairs. She could tell who it was by the outline she could see through the translucent glass in the door. She sighed and opened the door, ready to scold him. When she caught sight of him her voice caught in her throat.

Billy was a mess. His hair was matted in some places and stuck up in others; there was a trail of blood running down the left side of his face; he wasn't wearing a jacket and he was shaking violently. Y/N didn't even say anything, she just pulled him into the house and into her as she closed the door behind him. His breathing was jagged as he clutched onto her. He felt like ice but she realised that was probably what was going to happen if you were out in Hawkins winter without a jacket. His car wasn't parked outside so she guessed he must have walked. She pulled back but he was reluctant to let go.

"We need to get you cleaned up." She explained as she locked the front door before getting him to sit at the kitchen island. She washed her hands and dampened a cloth. She started to clean the blood off his face with a damp cloth and noticed how unfocused and red rimmed his eyes were. "You've been drinking tonight, haven't you?" She sighed as she examined the source of the blood.

"What did you expect?" He chuckled dryly before wincing as she found the gash in his hair where the blood had poured from. She pressed the cloth against his head and moved his hand to hold it in

place.

"I thought you'd stopped." She muttered as she turned around to find the first aid kit her mother kept under the sink.

"Needed somethin' to numb the pain." He slurred slightly. She wondered if it was because of the alcohol or the hit he had clearly taken to the side of his head.

"What did he do? This is gonna sting." She warned as she gently poured some saline solution into the wound before dabbing the area with sterile gauze.

He hissed in pain but didn't move; the alcohol in his system numbing most of the pain. "He threw me into my shelves and I hit my head." He gritted his teeth together at both the thought of his father and the stinging sensation in his head.

"You should tell someone, Billy." She said for what felt like the hundredth time but he never listened. She used butterfly stitches to close the wound. It wasn't deep enough to warrant a hospital visit.

"I can't." His voice cracked as his hands squeezed her hips. "He'd kill me or he'd hurt you."

She applied a plaster over the top of the stitches, being careful not to trap too much of his hair. She brought his face up to look at her. "He wouldn't get the chance. I can't keep seeing you like this." She ran her hands over his cheekbones. "Hopper would help."

"I'm scared." He admitted shifting his blue gaze to her feet. "I can't lose you to him too, princess."

"You won't." She assured him. "Let's get some sleep and have this discussion again in the morning."

He nodded and stood before following her upstairs. He kicked off his shoes and jeans before unbuttoning his shirt and shrugging it off. Y/N threw off her robe and laid down in bed. Billy joined her and laid the non-injured side of his head on her shoulder. She ran her fingers through his tangled hair, easing out the knots, as his breathing shallowed and he dropped off to sleep. She didn't care anymore. She

was tired of seeing him like this. Either he was going to see Hopper with her willingly or she would drag him down there herself.

20. Helpless

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy's dad goes further than usual. (angst)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Mentions of abuse, hospitals

To say that Billy felt helpless every time his father decided to snap was an understatement. He felt useless, unwanted and most frequently, alone. So, he did what he always did. He picked himself off the floor, lit a cigarette, grabbed his jacket and jumped out of his window. He opened the door to the Camaro and pushed it to a roll down the hill. He then jumped in and made sure he was a significant distance from the house before gunning the engine. His dad had gone off crazier than Billy had ever seen this time. His head was throbbing but his dad had taken a preference to his torso this time and he felt like he was going to throw up. He pulled the car over and lent out of the door before emptying the contents of his stomach. He rinsed his mouth out with some water and chomped down on a couple of mints before setting off again.

He pulled the car to a stop a few houses down from Y/N's house before he made his way down the road. His chest hurt with every step and he was trying not to breakdown on the pavement. With difficulty due to the pain, he managed to pull himself up onto her roof so he could knock on the window. The effort caused him to double over and gag a few times but there was nothing left in his stomach to throw up. Y/N opened the window to see him and gently ushered him into the room. As soon as he was in her arms he broke. His breathing became erratic which caused more pain in his chest.

"Hey." Y/N ran her finger threw his blond locks as he clutched at her. "Just breathe, okay?" She managed to get him to sit down on the floor and she crouched in front of him. His hands went to the insides of her wrists and he felt her pulse to keep himself grounded.

"I can't take this anymore." His voice was jagged and uneven as he

forced the words out in-between breaths.

Y/N looked down and finally noticed the bruises forming under his open shirt. All she had to do was remove the fabric and see the colour and state of them to know that something was wrong. His breathing started to make sense. "Billy, I-," Her voice cracked at the thought. "I think you need to go to the hospital."

For the first time he looked down at the state of his chest and he nearly threw up again. His breathing still wasn't evening out and they were both close to panic. He noticed Y/N shaking and just nodded his head. The pain was getting worse in his chest. He felt her leave the room and when she came back he could tell there were people with her. He felt her kneel next to him again and cup his jaw with one hand. He heard someone talking on the phone but then his vision started to get blurry.

The first thing Billy was aware off when he woke up was the constant beeping noise echoing through the room. He opened his eyes to the painful bright light and blinked them a few times until his vision went back to normal. The room was sterile and white washed. There were two chairs next to the bed and Y/n was fast asleep in one with Max leaning over from the other asleep in her lap. Billy glanced around, expecting his father to come barging in any minute. His chest was covered in numerous bandages and the events that had led to this came back slowly.

Billy reached over and squeezed Y/N's hand. She stirred and sat up straight groggily before meeting his eyes and looking relieved. She gently shifted Max from her lap and sat on the bed next to him. "Hey." She smiled but there were tears in her eyes.

"Hey." He smiled back and lifted a hand to her cheek. She covered his hand with her own as he brought her down so they could lean their foreheads together.

"I thought I lost you." Her voice broke. "I'm never letting you go again."

"And I'm not planning on going anywhere, princess." He smiled before gesturing to the bandages. "What?"

“He broke your ribs. One of them punctured your lung.” She explained pressing a kiss to the back of his knuckles.

“Where is everyone?” He was still confused to why only Y/N and Max were here.

“My parents are outside with Susan. They told Hopper what happened after they called an ambulance. Your dad’s at the station.”

Billy closed his eyes and nodded. “What happens now?”

“I don’t know.” Y/N muttered glancing at Max’s sleeping form.

“I can’t do this on my own.” He locked his gaze on hers.

“You don’t have to.” She promised.

Max slowly started to come around but jumped up when she saw that Billy was awake. “You’re awake!”

Billy chuckled but winced. “Yeah I am. Can’t get rid of me that easily.” Their relationship might have been strained but that didn’t mean that they didn’t care about each other. Max then quickly ran out of the room to get the others.

After the parents had been in, Susan took Max home and Y/N’s parents departed. Hopper came in and asked them both questions. Billy broke down several times throughout but Hopper was surprisingly good at consoling people. He left pretty soon after leaving just Y/n and Billy. Hopper had convinced the doctors to let her stay the night. Billy had shifted over in the bed slightly so she could lie next to him without disturbing his chest.

“I love you.” Billy was looking at the ceiling but turned to look at Y/N as the words left his lips. Y/N looked at him with wide eyes. Neither of them had ever said it out loud.

“I love you too.” She smiled. She pressed a gentle kiss to his lips before they both drifted off to sleep.

21. First Christmas

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N has a surprise for Billy. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Underage drinking

For Y/N, Christmas was a full-on event. The decorations went up on December first and then it was Christmas from then on. She loved the holiday and went all out to make it the best time of the year. Billy, however, had mixed feelings about the holiday. In a new town without his mother the event felt rather far away. His father usually calmed down around the holidays though so they were some positives. He couldn't help but feel puzzled at Y/N's excitement. Y/N was having none of his Scrooge act.

As always it had snowed in Hawkins by the time the Christmas holidays came around. Billy and Max, after making up due to the bat incident, had both had no idea how to react. Where they lived in California, it was always hot and sunny and they had never really experienced snow. Y/N had used it to her advantage to get Billy into the Christmas mood. And he had to say it was working. They had woken up after Y/N's parents had gone to work and had a snowball fight. After, to warm up, Y/N had made rum spiked hot chocolate and they lounged around watching Christmas films. After the third film Y/N had turned to Billy.

"What are you doing for Christmas?" She was happily tucked into his warm embrace.

He shrugged. "Normal stuff. Why?"

"I asked my parents and they said you could come around in the afternoon." She smiled at him.

"That sounds fun." He actually smiled because anything was better than spending the full day with his dad and Susan.

The L/N's had finished eating dinner and had sent most of the family home when Billy knocked on the door. Y/N opened the door and flung herself into his arms. She was careful not to crush the box he was holding. "Merry Christmas." She smiled.

"Merry Christmas to you too, princess." He smiled and placed her back on the floor.

"Merry Christmas, Billy. How was your day?" Y/N's mother asked with a smile.

"Better now." Billy smiled. "Merry Christmas to you both." Billy smiled at her parents before handing Y/N the box. "That's for you and this is for you both." Billy handed Y/N's mother a bottle of wine.

Y/N's parents smiled and thanked him as Y/N opened the wrapping on the small box. It was a black box underneath and she pulled the lid off to reveal several mix tapes and a necklace with a reindeer on it. She picked the necklace up and smiled. "Thank you!" She wrapped her arms around him again.

"Here." He held his hand out for the necklace and she passed it him. He spun her around before clasping the necklace around her neck. He placed a kiss behind her ear as she spun back to face him. "You look beautiful."

She blushed as she went to the tree and grabbed a red wrapped box. "This is for you." She handed him the box.

He unwrapped the box and pulled off the lid and his eyes went wide. "Are these..." He picked up the tickets and looked at them in disbelief.

"Two tickets for us to go to California. I know you were missing your mom so, I thought we could go for the new year." Y/N smiled.

Billy pulled her into him and pressed kisses against the side of her neck. He was trying not to cry and his voice cracked as he spoke. "Thank you."

"You too have fun but I'm expecting you to take care of my daughter." Y/N's father told Billy with a smile.

“Of course, sir. I wouldn’t let anything happen to her.” Billy smiled widely as he pulled away.

They were swaying in the living room to various Christmas songs. “I love you.” Billy whispered as he rested his forehead on hers.

“I love you too.” She smiled and pressed a kiss against his lips.

“You’re gonna love Cali.” He smiled.

22. Mistletoe

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N hates mistletoe but Billy hates carols. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: None

While Y/N and Billy both loved the holidays, they didn't understand some people's traditions or obsessions. Some of them just seemed preposterous. Billy hated carolling and if any ever knocked on the door they would immediately regret it when they came face to face with Hawkins resident mullet-wearing asshole. Subsequently, Y/N had began to sing carols at the top of her lungs whenever he was around. It would normally end with him chasing her around the house before pinning her to the nearest flat surface until she stopped and apologised. Billy had been planning his revenge for a week. Y/N really hated that some people found it necessary to kiss under a parasitic plant with poisonous berries.

Y/N came home to the sight of Billy strategically stood underneath the mistletoe her parents had put above the door on the porch. He was smirking to himself as Y/N stopped in the middle of the garden path to look at him. "I don't care about tradition, you try and get me to kiss you under the mistletoe and I will punch you, asshat." She crossed her arms and caught his intense blue gaze.

"C'mon, dipshit, get over here." He raised his hand and moved his finger in a come here motion.

"Nope. I think I'll climb through the window." Y/N went to walk away but she was stood closer to him than she realised and his fingers hooked into her belt loops and pulled her against his chest. She squirmed in his grip as his arms wound around her. "Let go."

"Not until you stop being an ass and kiss me." He pressed a kiss to the shell of her ear to prove his point. "You know you want to."

“Is this revenge for the carols?” She twisted to face him.

“You bet.” His cocky smirk was back.

“Fine, but only because I’m gonna freeze to death otherwise.” She sighed before turning and pressing her lips to his. She quickly tried to pull back but he wouldn’t let her. His hands tangled into her hair and he pulled her closer. They only pulled apart when Y/N’s neighbour cleared her throat. The pair muttered a quick apology before falling into the house giggling.

“See that wasn’t that bad.” Billy said smugly.

“Maybe not.” Y/N muttered before walking out of the kitchen. When she was out of his sight she started singing Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer obnoxiously loud and off key.

“Son of a bitch.” Billy said under his breath before chasing after her.

23. Bad Christmas

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N and Billy escape to have their own Christmas.
(fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Family issues, swearing, mentions of abuse

All Y/N had ever wanted was for a Christmas that didn't end in yelling, breaking things and tears. Family gatherings were never her families strong suit and so every year was the same; it always ended up crashing and burning. This year was no different. It had been fine until halfway through the dinner when her dad and uncle had started yelling. Everyone else soon joined and before they knew it her uncle was storming out with her cousin and aunt in tow. Y/N quickly got up and ran out of the house shortly after. She had no need to be in that place when everyone else started on each other.

Y/N regretted not grabbing her coat as her boots crunched on the snow-covered ground. She considered her options. Steve and his parents were probably out of town visiting his grandma; the Byers house was too far away and the Wheelers were probably having similar issues. She was about to admit defeat and go back home when a familiar blue Camaro caught her eye. Billy's house had never been an option because she knew he would never let her anywhere near his father, but clearly Billy wasn't having the best day ever either. He was leaning on the front of his car, smoking and looking out at the park. He was bruise free so clearly even his father lightened up around the holidays.

He turned his head as he heard her making her way over to him. He stood up straight and stamped out his cigarette. "Having a shitty day too, princess?"

She nodded and folded into his waiting embrace. "You have no idea."

"Maybe. Jesus, you're freezing." He rubbed his hands up her arms

before wrapping her in his fleece lined, denim jacket.

“Forgot my coat over the shouting.” Y/N muttered and she buried her head in his chest. “What you doing out here?”

“Me and my dad got into a fight over dinner. Thought I’d get out of there, not ruin the day for Max.” He kissed the top of her head. Him and Max had a mutual agreement not to bother each other after she had nearly neutered him with a bat. “What about you, princess?”

“Same as every year. Everyone was yelling, I left before they started throwing shit at each other.” She sighed and tried not to break down on him. “One normal Christmas, that’s all I wanted.”

Billy suddenly pulled back with a smile on his face. “You eat yet?”

“Not much. Why?” She looked up at him confused.

“Why don’t we have our own little Christmas? Just you, me and a diner downtown that’s still open.” Billy gripped her shoulders as she watched him carefully. His body language gave away how much he thought of himself after his idea.

Y/N giggled and nodded. “Okay. Yeah.”

They both climbed into the car with childish smiles on their face. Y/N immediately melted into the warmth of the heaters. Billy chuckled before he turned on the radio and Christmas songs drifted through the car. He reached over and took her hand in his and flashed her his famous smile. They sat in comfortable silence as Billy drove into the desolate town. He pulled up outside the diner and they both climbed out. Billy pulled her into his side as they walked in. The place was almost empty but neither of them cared. There was only one waitress and she tried to be kind even though she was clearly pissed to be working Christmas. She quickly showed them to a booth and gave them menus.

Y/N slid into the booth and Billy slid in across from her. She draped his jacket over her legs as they both read the menus. The waitress came back and they both ordered the Christmas special and a couple of milkshakes. Billy took both of her hands in his over the table as he

smiled.

“What?” She questioned matching his grin.

“This, it’s nice. I’d much rather be here with you than at home today, princess.” He dragged his thumbs over her knuckles.

“The feelings mutual.” She chuckled.

They ate pretty quickly and when they had finished Billy paid and made sure to tip the waitress for trying her best in a shitty situation. They walked out, Y/N tucked securely under Billy’s arm, his jacket still around her shoulders. No matter how much she had tried, he wouldn’t take it back.

“I don’t want to go home.” She whispered as they reached the car. “I like this more.”

Billy pulled her close and swayed to an unheard melody. “I’ll climb through your window.”

She nodded and leaned up to kiss him. Christmas may have started out in tatters but Billy always knew how to fix things.

24. Let's Hurt Tonight

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N can't lose Billy to his temper. Billy just can't lose Y/N. Based on Let's Hurt Tonight by One Republic.
(angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Swearing, slight angst I think

When, when we came home

Worn to the bones

I told myself, "This could get rough."

Y/N was never under the illusion that dating Billy Hargrove would be easy. She knew it wouldn't. His attitude, his ego, his temper and his general disregard for everyone around him made him someone you didn't get close to. But she had and she didn't regret it. She loved him with every fibre of her being and she let him know it whenever he needed it. Things never exactly ran smoothly in their relationship. There were always fights, jealousy and bloodied knuckles but they were balanced with time spent together, driving around, tender kisses stolen in empty hallways and falling asleep in each other's arms.

And when, when I was off,

Which happened a lot

You came to me and said, "That's enough."

Billy honestly didn't know why Y/N had stuck with him this long. He knew he was hardly the easiest person to be around. But this time he knew he had well and truly fucked up. She couldn't meet his eyes but she also wasn't leaving. He was drunk and Steve had got a little too close to Y/N for his liking. He wasn't thinking straight and before he knew it he had crossed the room and jumped on the slightly taller boy. Y/N had pulled him off with Jonathan's help and then Steve had

been ushered off by Jonathan and Nancy.

Oh, I know that this love is pain

But we can't cut it from out these veins,

No.

Y/N had taken his hand in hers and pulled him away from the party and upstairs into one of the houses bedrooms that was teenager free. She stood in the middle of the room as Billy stood away from her.

"I'm sorry." He ran his hands over his face and really wished he was sober.

"I- This needs to stop." Y/N still hadn't met his eyes. "I love you and I can't stop but you're killing me like this." Her voice broke as she finally looked up and met his intense blue gaze. There was regret written all over his face and she wanted nothing more than for him to wrap her in his arms.

"I know. I will. I'm sorry. I love you." Billy's voice was still slightly slurred but he was considerably soberer than he was a few minutes ago.

So, I'll get the lights and you lock the doors

We ain't leaving this room 'til we both feel more

Don't walk away, don't roll your eyes

They say love is pain. Well, darling, let's hurt tonight.

Y/N let him engulf her in his arms. She buried her face in his chest and he rested his chin on the top of her head. One of his hands tangled into her hair while the other circled her waist and pulled her closer. Her arms clutched onto his middle as she fisted the back of his shirt. "You want to go home?"

He already knew the answer as she nodded against his chest. He kissed her hairline as he pulled away and grabbed her hand and led her to his car.

"Keys." She said with her hand out as he walked to the driver's side. "You're far too drunk to drive." He nodded with a chuckle and threw them her.

She climbed into the driver's seat as Billy stumbled into the passenger side.

When, when you came home

Worn to the bones

I told myself, "This could be rough."

Y/N parked a few blocks from her house and then they walked up to the house. She unlocked the door quietly and pulled Billy inside before locking the door quietly. She kicked off her shoes and Billy did the same. He picked his up as he followed her to her room; both of them being quite enough to not wake her parents. She shut her room door as Billy flicked on her bedside light. Neither of them spoke as she cleaned his knuckles with a damp washcloth.

Oh, I know you feel insane

Tell me something that I can explain,

Oh.

She met his eyes again and smiled sadly. "You're making me go crazy."

"I know. You're doing the same to me." He whispered as he shifted closer to her. "I can't lose you."

"I know. But if you don't calm down, you will and neither of us will have control over it." She rested her forehead against his and cupped his cheeks in her hands. He closed his eyes as her thumbs ran over his cheekbones.

"I'll try." He muttered as he brought his hands up to hers and pressed a kiss to her palm.

I'll get the lights and you lock the doors

Tell me all of the things that you couldn't before

Don't walk away, don't roll your eyes

They say love is pain. Well, darling, let's hurt tonight

If this love is pain then, darling, let's hurt, oh, tonight.

"I can't do any of this without you." Billy confessed as he finally opened his eyes to meet her gaze.

"I'm not going anywhere." She assured him. "I can't do this without you either."

Billy's eyes flickered shut as he pressed his lips gently against hers. She kissed him back with urgency as her hands moved from his cheeks to his hair. He pulled he into his lap as one of his hands tangled into her hair and the other gripped her hip. Nothing else needed to be said; they just needed to feel close to each other.

"I love you." Y/N kept her eyes closed as they pulled back but she could feel him watching her.

"I love you too, more than I let on." He kissed her forehead firmly before pulled her to lay down with him.

So, you get the lights and I'll lock the doors

Let's say all of the things that we couldn't before

Won't walk away, won't roll my eyes

They say love is pain. Well, darling, let's hurt tonight

If this love is pain, then, honey, let's love tonight.

25. Christmas Jumpers

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy's not sure he likes this gift. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: None

It was a rarity Y/N and Billy were ever alone in the Hargrove's house. In fact, it was a rarity Y/N was ever there at all. Billy tried to keep her as far away from his father as possible. Y/N only ever normally entered the premises when she had to tutor Max. This weekend however, Susan and Max had taken Neil to visit Susan's parents. So, the pair had the place to themselves. The house was beautifully decorated for Christmas and Y/N couldn't help but admire the lights as she walked into the house.

"They look better than me or something?" Billy chuckled behind her.

"Of course, they do. It's not that hard too." She laughed and spun to face him. She wrapped her arms around his neck.

"So, what's in the bag?" Billy tried to sneak a look but she stepped backwards into the living room.

She held the bag to her chest. "It's an early Christmas present."

"For me?" He looked genuinely confused.

"No, for Frank Sinatra." Y/N held out the bag for him.

He opened it and scrunched up his nose as he pulled out the very colourful knitted jumper. He dropped the bag and held it in front of him to examine the pattern. The rather loud Christmas pattern (and the lack of buttons he could purposefully not unbutton) made him look at Y/N with curiosity. "Seriously, what is it?"

"I got you a Christmas jumper!" She smiled widely. "Now you can match me at school."

“How many Christmas jumpers do you own?” Billy raised an eyebrow.

“A few.”

“You can’t expect me to where this in public.” Billy was amused.

“I can because if you do...” She walked up and whispered in his ear and his eyes went wide and a smirk graced his lips.

“Fine, you’ve convinced me.” He muttered and pressed a kiss to her lips.

26. I am Here

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N and Billy need to get out of this dead end town.
Based on I Am Here by Pink. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Abuse tw, language

I open up my heart

You can love me or not

There's no such thing as sin

Let it all come right in.

When Y/N L/N and Billy Hargrove met, the entire school would have betted that they would hate each other. The girl with hidden bruises and the boy with bloody knuckles and the same shared dark secrets surrounding their fathers. No one in school knew about their secrets but they were both volatile, violent and mercurial. While she was less likely to lash out physically than him, neither of them had many friends. Yet in each other they found refuge. Something about the other reminded them about themselves and though they would not put their fingers on it until much later, neither could part with the other from the first glance.

They quickly rose to be the power couple of the school and people stayed out of their way. They didn't need anyone else. It was Billy who caved and told his secret first. Things had been getting heated and he had forgotten the bruises on his chest. She had seen the same marks littering her own skin too many times to not notice what they were.

"It's nothing." His hands didn't move from her hips but he screwed his eyes shut.

"It's okay." She didn't move from sitting on his hips as she leant

down and kissed down his chest.

I wanna make some mistakes, I wanna sleep in the mud

I wanna swim in the flood, I wanna fuck 'til I'm done.

When Y/N caved they were out on a forest drive when she told him to pull up abruptly. He had done as she asked and she had barely fallen out of the car before she was throwing up the contents of her stomach. He had immediately joined her on the floor and held her hair back until she fell back into his chest. He had pulled her up and sat her in the passenger seat with a bottle of water and a pack of mints. His hands slipped under her shirt and raised it so he could see the bruises covering her stomach. His head had fallen into her lap as his breathing increased. She ran her fingers through his dirty blond locks and whispered, "It's okay."

"No, it's not." He raised his eyes to meet hers. "We're getting out of this place."

They packed their bags, left notes for their families and then climbed in the Camaro and drove as fast as they could.

I like whiskey on ice, I like sun in my eyes

I wanna burn it all down, so let's start a fire.

I wanna be lost, so lost that I'm found

Naked and laughing with my blood on the ground.

Billy pulled the car up at the end of the side road that they had taken. Y/N wrapped her coat around her tighter as she climbed out clutching the bottle of whiskey and two glasses. Colorado was freezing cold but they didn't care. Neither of them had any idea where they currently were but it didn't matter. It didn't take long for Billy to get a fire going and they sat on a tree stump and looked at the snowy scenery around them. Y/N stood quickly and walked over to a tree and broke off some ice. She placed it in each glass before pouring over the whiskey and handing him a glass.

"Here's to a fresh start." Billy raised his glass with a smile and she

clinked hers with his.

They downed the alcohol and let it burn down their throats. It was the first time in so long that neither of them had any bruises. Billy cupped her face with his hand and kissed her harshly. She tangled her fingers in his hair and pulled him closer to her.

I am here, I am here

I've already seen the bottom, so there's nothing to fear

Know that I'll be ready when the devil is near

I am here, I am here

All of this wrong, but I'm still right here

I don't have the answers, but the question is clear.

They entered the office of the crappy motel laughing with rosy cheeks. The woman on the desk raised an eyebrow slightly but smiled at their antics.

"We'd like a room please." Billy flashed his signature grin as he pulled Y/N into his side.

"Single or double." The woman asked writing down in the address book.

"Single." Y/N said politely.

"There you go. You kids don't get into too much trouble." The woman handed Y/N the key.

"Oh, there's no doubt that we will." Billy smirked as they grabbed their bags from the car.

They walked into the room and dropped their bags before collapsing next to each other on the bed. They grinned at each other before they started laughing again. By this point neither of them could remember what it had been they were laughing at in the first place. Billy shifted so he was hovering over her as they stopped laughing. He pressed his

lips to hers.

“I love you.” He whispered as he kissed down her neck.

“I love you too.”

Let me ask you

Where does everybody go when they go

Where does everybody go when they go

Where does everybody go when they go

Let me ask you

They drove down the Las Vegas strip just before the break of dawn. Both of them were captivated by the way the lights danced in front of them. They didn't care about the casinos or the various other attractions that Vegas had to offer. It was on their route and they both wanted to see the lights. Y/N smiled across at him as the different colours illuminated his face. His jaw line stood out sharply, his blue eyes glittered and he had never looked more beautiful to her. The further they drove from their families, the lighter they both felt. There was no need for violent outbursts or hiding from the world. They were both at peace.

Billy pulled the car up at the edge of the desert and they both climbed out and sat on the bonnet. They watched the sunrise wrapped in each other's arms.

May the light be upon me

May I feel in my bones that I am enough

I can make anywhere home

My fingers are clenched, my stomach's in knots

My heart it is racing, but afraid I am not

Afraid I am not...

Billy sat on the beach, a cigarette between his lips as he watched Y/N dance to an unheard song barefoot in the ocean. California was as he had always remembered it and having her there with him made everything seem so much better. She loved the ocean and he couldn't help but smile as her face lit up with joy, her hair moved around her and her eyes shone. She was perfect and he wouldn't let the world hurt her again. She gestured for him to come and join her and he stumped out his cigarette before joining her in the swell of the waves. He swayed with her to the unheard melody with a smile on his face.

"What?" She questioned matching his grin.

"You here with me; it's perfect." He pushed her hair behind her ear as he kissed her forehead.

His uncle helped them find a cheap apartment near the ocean. Billy got a job helping out at his uncle's business as Y/N studied to take her exams early.

I am here, I am here

I've already seen the bottom, so there's nothing to fear

I know that I'll be ready when the devil is near

Cause I am here, I am here

All of this wrong, but I'm still right here

I don't have the answers, but the question is clear.

Y/N had passed her exams and was applying to colleges and looking for small part time jobs when the knock sounded on their front door. Billy was laid on the sofa next to her and he stood to answer it. Everything happened so fast. He opened the door and the next minute he was on the other side of the room. His father was clutching onto his shirt and he slammed him into the wall; hard. Billy collapsed to the floor, his hand going to the back of his head where blood was starting to flow.

"You little shit." Neil Hargrove dragged the boy to his feet and pressed him back against the wall. "Do you know how worried me

and Susan have been.”

Billy’s eyes were blown wide in fear as Y/N finally snapped out of her own shock. She shoved Neil hard away from Billy and the older man went sprawling into the kitchen. Billy collapsed to the floor again; his vision was blurred from the pain in the back of his head. Neil’s eyes were full of rage as he clambered back to his feet. Y/N was on her knees next to Billy, steadying him with her hands on his shoulders. Neil grabbed her and threw her across the room. Her back hit the wall and all the air left her lungs.

“So, you abandoned your family for this bitch?” Neil growled as Billy seemed to regain some sense at the sound of Y/N crying out in pain.

“You stay away from her.” Billy’s voice shook but was still hard. He stood up using the wall as a support but Neil connected his fist with Billy’s jaw; sending him once again to the floor.

Y/N regained her breath and pushed herself up. She grabbed a bottle of the coffee table and carefully wrapped her hand around it. As Neil’s foot buried itself in Billy’s ribs, Y/n slammed the bottle over his head. Neil collapsed to the floor clutching his bleeding head. Y/N held the broken glass out in front of her as Neil looked at her with fear in his face.

“You leave us alone, or I call the cops.” Y/N threatened her voice wavering.

Neil scurried out of the room and Y/N slammed and locked the door behind him. She made her way over to Billy and collapsed beside him. Tears finally escaped down her cheeks as she pulled him into her. He was bleeding on her clothes but she couldn’t care less. He clutched her like she would disappear as he too broke down.

I can think of one thousand places

Much worse than this.

Y/N cleaned Billy up and had him lay down on the sofa as he regained his senses fully. She cleaned up the apartment with shaking hands. She walked into the living room to find Billy asleep with an

ice pack balanced on his head. Looking at him bruised and battered broke her heart and she collapsed to her knees next to the sofa; sobbing. Neither of them had any ideas that this would be easy and they were still together and still alive. Nothing else mattered. Neil Hargrove was gone from both of their lives. Y/N prayed he would never come back.

But I am here, I am here

I've already seen the bottom, so there's nothing to fear

Know that I'll be ready when the devil is near

Cause I am here, I am here

All of this wrong, but I'm still right here

I don't have the answers, but the question is clear.

Y/N laid her head on Billy's chest as they both laid on the beach staring at the stars. Neil had never come back since Y/N had threatened him with a bottle. Now, three years on, neither of them could be happier. They had brought a house together and were planning for the future.

"Can I ask you something?" Billy's voice was soft as he ran his hand through her hair.

She hummed in response. Billy smiled and sat them both up. He sat cross legged in front of her and pulled a box from his pocket.

"Marry me?" He opened the box to show her the ring. It wasn't anything too flashy but as long as he was hers, she really didn't care.

She didn't answer him only crashed her lips onto his. He responded immediately as she moved into his lap. "Yes. My. God. Yes." She muttered in between kisses and he smiled into her.

Let me ask you

Where does everybody go when they go

Where does everybody go when they go

Where does everybody go when they go

Let me ask you

Where does everybody go when they go

Where does everybody go when they go

Where does everybody go when they go

Oh, let me ask you...

27. Christmas Music

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy doesn't like Christmas songs. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Language

Billy laid on Y/N's sofa watching her drag boxes into the room. Her parents were at work and the pair had been tasked with decorating the house.

"Are you just gonna sit there or are you going to help?" Y/N rested her hands on her hips as she looked at him.

"Fine, I'll help." Billy reluctantly stood and helped her with the boxes.

Y/N opened the first box and pulled out a vinyl record. She smiled as she walked over to the family record player and placed the record on the table before dropping the needle. Christmas music began to drift through the house and Billy audibly groaned.

"Do we really have to listen to this shit?" Billy was pulling tinsel out of a box.

"Yes of course we do! It's Christmas!" Y/N started dancing as she started decorating.

Billy followed suit putting baubles on the tree with a permeant scowl. "But they are all shit songs. Y/N we could listen to much better music."

"My house, my rules. The Christmas music stays on." Y/N turned to face him. "Stop being such a Scrooge. Lighten up a little." Y/N wrapped tinsel around his neck with a laugh. The look he gave her could have killed but she kept laughing at his face. "C'mon you can drop the hard guy act. Have some fun."

She grabbed his hands and started dancing through the room. He kept the scowl on his face as she swung herself around him. Eventually he couldn't keep it up any more and his face broke into a smile. "See you are having fun!" Y/N exclaimed as he spun her back into his chest.

"Don't push it, princess." He muttered into her ear with a chuckle.

They danced for a while longer before carrying on with the decorating. Y/N's parents came home to find the pair asleep together on the sofa; exhausted from all their dancing.

28. Trust

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy will do anything to stay with Y/N, even if that means cleaning up his act. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Slight angst

Y/N and Billy's relationship had never been smooth sailing. He was possessive and jealous and she was aware of the constant glares it brought her. His fuse was short and he would often snap and Y/N was often caught in the cross fire. She loved him, he loved her. She just thought that his volatility was going to be their downfall and she couldn't bare to let it get that bad.

"What do you mean we can't do this?" Billy took a shaky drag from his cigarette before glancing around the abandoned parking lot. It was the morning and everyone else was in lessons.

"I don't think we can work anymore. I love you but..." She trailed off and looked at her shoes.

"What, Y/N?"

She clutched her hands together. "I'm scared I'm going to lose you to your temper." Her voice was barely above a whisper.

"You... Don't you trust me?" His voice was strained his eyes never leaving her nervous figure.

"I want to." She met his ocean blue gaze and took in the fear hiding behind his eyes. He didn't say anything; just stood and stared in disbelief. "I-I've got to get to class."

She went to walk away but his hand softly grasped her hand. "I love you, please don't go." His eyes were pleading with her. "I can change, I can clam down but I need you to help me. I promise I can control it but not without you." She didn't say anything, merely stared at him.

“Look, give me one month and if you still feel the same then you can do what you need to.”

She nodded. “Okay.”

Billy tried his hardest to change and calm down. He started walking away from fights and would only get into them when the other person attacked first. He started showing up to lessons on time and started being nicer to Max. Y/N noticed and she stuck by him. She was there to calm him down after he walked away from a fight, she kept him on time and helped him realise that Max wasn't as bad as he thought.

“So, the month's up.” Billy leant on the side of the Camaro as Y/N sat on the bonnet. He had driven them out to their favourite spot in the woods for the afternoon.

Y/N hummed in response; her eyes focused on the trees in front of her. Billy moved to stand between her legs so her attention was drawn back to him.

“What's the verdict?” He was playing nervously with his fingers.

She reached down and took his hands, keeping her gaze on their fingers with a small smile on her face. “I think you changed my mind,” He broke into a grin. “as long as you keep it up.”

“Always, princess.” He leaned forward and captured her lips with his. On hand kept himself steady on the bonnet while the other tangled in her hair. She smiled into the kiss as one of her hands tangled in his mullet and the other found its way to his chest. “I love you.” Billy muttered breathlessly as he pulled away and rested his forehead against hers.

“I love you too.” She grinned and he matched it with his own.